Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnleſſe we feare that Apes can Tutor's)to
Be Maſters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of ſpeech, when by mine owne
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Followes his Taylor, haply ſo long untill
The follow'd, make purſuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iuſt
To ſuch a Favorites glaſſe: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the ſtreete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th ſequent trace: theſe poore ſleight ſores,
Neede not a plantin; That which rips my boſome
Almoſt to'th heart's,
Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon.*
Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe ſucceſſes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany aſſured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almoſt puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone.
Voluble chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men ſervice,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him, be ſuckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.
Arc. Cleere ſpirited Cozen
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Wil

The Two N

Will reliſh of the paſture
Be vile, or diſobedient, not
In blood, unleſſe in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer:
I thinke the Ecchoes of his
The eares of heav'nly Iuſti
Deſcend againe into their t
Due audience of the Gods:
Val. The King cals for
Till his great rage be off hi
He broke his whipſtocke
The Horſes of the Sun, but
The lowdeneſſe of his Fur
Pal. Small windes ſha
But whats the matter?
Val. *Theſeus* (who where
Deadly defyance to him, a
Ruine to Thebs, who is at
The promiſe of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the God
A jot of terrour to us; Ye
Thirds his owne worth (t
When that his actions dreg
Tis bad he goes about.
Pal. Leave that unreaſon
Our ſervices ſtand now fo
Yet to be neutrall to him, w
Rebellious to oppoſe: there
With him ſtand to the mer
Who hath bounded our laſ
Arc. So we muſt;
Iſt fed this warres afoote
On faile of ſome condition
Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of ſtate ca
With the defier.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.